

Poetry Series

Rince Wind
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rince Wind()

A Few Moments Ago...

Someone lived a life... a few moments ago
dewdrops were on a bark a few moments ago

saw and felt things ever wanted
with eyes closed & fingers numbed
serene as they were a few moments ago

ice melted and letters faded
memories on empty street paraded
lonesome as they were a few moments ago

voices crackled thru shackled faces
wimps among thoughts won the races
dithered as they were a few moments ago

then your scent blew and trespassed all braces
and life found new traces... when I missed you a few moments ago

as I always do... a few moments ago...

Rince Wind

A Mind Ago...

a mind ago
I took the stones for clay
thought love to be a commodity
as long as I had a price to pay...

But now I realise
that the stones I gathered were also once clay
and someone is still asking me the price
I thought I had already paid...

Rince Wind

A Poet's Prayer...

Even thou destiny,
his faith, forever refrain
but no poet should words
betray in pain...

Rince Wind

A Song For All My Yesterdays...

I turn the pages of the album with pictures in matt and gloss
some stare at me in awe, while some look at me
like the long fallen leaves gawping at the tree
which now stands a foot tall
made of memories, both desired and denied, we all are

So here I am, on a warm winter evening, writing a song
a song for all my yesterdays...

Childhood is a dream, we all see when we grow-up
to be a child in which we don't believe
for the moments of innocence are many
and will haunt us for whenever we will let our hearts be free
like the kites and dragon-flies we left behind,
but for the habit of chasing what we don't need

So here I am, on a warm winter evening, writing a song
a song for all my yesterdays...

Like many things, love too came in life uncalled for
knowing her was knowing me, thought I,
unaware of the world that passed by
but life has its own humor, of which we try to make sense of
for I believed love had ways to figure out its own course,
until she taught me to let go

So here I am, on a warm winter evening, writing a song
a song for all my yesterdays...

Looking back is a silly thing to do, they say
perhaps they are right... perhaps they are just afraid
but traveled in my mind for long I have,
and I will, picking up astray memories
to heal my soul on one warm winter evening
when everything else betrays, people in their own chaos move away
and forgotten dreams on a cold platter of time'll lay

I will have a song...
a song for all my yesterdays...

Rince Wind

A State Of Mind... (Smoking)

grey lips curl around,
and smoke surges from the dying ashes,
a sensation of life shortens between your fingers
which are reaching out to hold the burning tip,
and as the dissolving smell (like time)
leaves its starkness on your tongue...
you taste it... its now...

Rince Wind

A Thought Died...

A thought twitched like a little sparrow
and died earless last night.

It had lived in the cervices of few early mornings,
soft and warm, between half-shut eyes,
and had even flourished a little
on a nondescript sunday afternoon.

No one can say how it happened.

But speculations are that time must have fallen
in that empty space and shattered to pieces.

The thick glass jar which held a mixture of memories,
seashells and wishes was also found chipped and ruptured..

Though no one heard the last little flutter it might have made,
but some say that it was between the pieces of time
and the broken jar where the thought was found lying
a piece of time stuck halfway into the neck.

No one yet has taken any responsibility... no one yet has come to own it...

Rince Wind

And She Moves...

On a waning summer noon
weathered by a drifting consciousness
a dry dusty swirl rises lowly in a corner
and in its stride lifts everything
in a shimmering grace...

but then for none to fathom
it dies without a trace...

Rince Wind

Broken Things

Broken things

You pick up a broken thing

You see it is beautiful

beautiful in-spite it's broken

beautiful because it is broken

its brokenness is not an absolute for you

its not how you see it, not like the world does

you see it like you would see yourself

because you know

there are no mirrors that will show you your true reflection

and that's why you turn towards broken things

for you the cracks aren't cracks, but they are nerves which can now be seen

you mourn for the fallen parts, especially the missing ones

they are gaps, like your own stories which you yourself have forgotten

its incompleteness makes it alive, or at least gives it the sense of having being lived

like how once you believed you did

and then you try to hold it close to you forgetting

its broken

Rince Wind

Cotton Ball...

Is it something in me that I fear
Or is it your aloof'ness that steers me more near

Like the wind that pretends to know the cotton ball
Which in its own plight disappears...

Rince Wind

Crevice Of Time...

She rises from a feeling
sinking itself in a pregnant hope
of an eluding pain which she labours to own
leaving scars on a heart left unto itself
coiled in memories of a lazy noon
spent sheltered under the raddled coat of a pretty stranger
who exchanged stories for bread and wine
and left the sand in the crevices of time...

Rince Wind

Crumpled Paper...

She lies there by the crumpled paper
among scattered words and a broken pen...
creases narrating the story
and blots of ink feigning its reality...
as I stare in a revered silence
she is changing into something beyond the reach of my language...

Rince Wind

Everydayness...

I don't know what's more killing...
to live or to die at the hands of living...

These days I have been trying to find refuge...
refuge behind words... from words...
trying as I am... to feel little and say too much...
but little... as I already know... they would console me...
because like me... they have been forbidden a destiny...
for like me... they have been left to be scribbled...
on walls which one day shall be rubbles...
rubbles of nothing but everydayness...
everydayness of living... everydayness of dying...
everydayness of everyday...

Rince Wind

For It You Are Alive...

How can death of a man be larger than the death of a dream
Life didn't start when I took my first breath,
it started when my mother imagined me for the first time,
taking shape inside her, a body less, and more of a lump
of beating mass with limbs and eyes.

I must have lived there the most,
in an imagination which was about my life.
So to be alive, can't be - not being dead
similarly dying can't just be 'not existing',
it needs to be more.

Guess when it takes away from what's still alive a death happens.
Again, its not a sudden thing.
Dying can't be momentary.
Death lives, as life does.
Sometimes more slowly than life.

It takes away your heart beat one day, but that's more like a gift
For before that it erodes away at life, claiming remains
whatever has been lost or left unguarded
by its only opponent and the only audience
Death, however. is just another natural order in the way of things

As what dies doesn't stop existing.
Though in the moment it might seem like a loss,
it actually like the dried leaves
which have fallen on the same soil where the tree grows
But be careful, for what's dead should not reborn as dead again

unlike life, death is haughty and hence tempting,
death of small things especially.
let your dreams die, if they have to, a natural death,
don't kill them because when you kill them,
you also start killing the part of you that dreams

it's only when you understand death,
you see it like a thing alive something real...
and always for life, mostly taking away more than you get

because that's the only way it knows how to give.
because for it, you are alive.

Rince Wind

Freckled With Inconsistencies...

Freckled with inconsistencies I am
looking for a love so perfect
Is it me or someone I want to be
that she belongs to...

Rince Wind

Have You Ever Had Dreams...

Have you ever had dreams...

Of a bright yellow plastic bench in a dark-green forest

Of a green glistening dropp of oil on the edge of an brazen-carbon frame

Of a twisted dry tamarind leaf floating in the middle of a heave breathing sea

Of a strange known glance from an unknown fleeting face

Of a thin stratum of freshly fallen ice on the fences of a sun baked cottage

Of lying on crumpled gooey sheets left behind by someone so much within your emptiness...

Rince Wind

I Have Loved You...

breathing ocean...
aimlessly floating raft...
a vacuum inside me...
trying to fill with unyielding words...
your face... my restraining touch...
mere helplessness...
a feeling as thick as blood...
memories of a present which still needs to be searched...
I have loved you in my own way...
I just want you to believe as much...

Rince Wind

I'LI Wait...

withered in love and a breathing pain
hoping for a summers rain

to dissolve all that was once constrained

I'll wait for you like flowers do
on the moist soil of a poet's grave...

Rince Wind

Just Below The Curtained Window...

Just below the curtained window
where the sun bends down to get a glimpse of you
and the smell of hot coffee
mixes with the warmth of your steady breath
as the shades of your eyes
get a little darker than the shadows
that are painting pictures on the walls around you,
and there you are, waiting to be held...and never let go...

Rince Wind

Known Strangers...

why did you come into my life...
or were you always there...
why do we stumble upon things...
or do we knowingly walk the way they lay...
how can someone be so familiar and yet so beyond...
what am I waiting for... what exactly do I feel about you...
what do you feel about me...
where are we headed...
or are we already there...

questions...!!!
sometimes I wonder
do they wonder at themselves...

Rince Wind

Loss Of Beauty Passing By...

I want you to know that
whenever I am not with you
or I am with you but not looking at you...
there is this intense sense of loss that grips me...
the loss of beauty passing by...
never to be redeemed again for its gone..
because I couldn't look long enough

in its wake however it leaves thoughts... stretched like lines
lines pulled by a kid as he runs around the room
dragging a chalk pressed against the wall
by the hand that trails him
and I wonder whether you too feel same in spirit with him
for being able to mark with your presence both space and time

Rince Wind

Lost To Layers Of Time

nowadays you don't want to pause
because you know if you do
you will realize a long time has passed
what you are looking for is hidden too many layers below
most of them have been moments of restlessness
unruly put to rest over each other
because a new layer was awaiting
and their burden is like half read books stacked
laden glances add their own burden every time
you walk across the room
here memories are like the book covers,
its the deep embedded feelings, that you once felt
that help you turn the right page, unfold a particular layer,
you can't hold it for too long
but trying adds another layer,
you won't pause for a long time again

Rince Wind

Mundane Caravans...

In the mundane caravans
Of shadows and days

I follow the rituals of pain and joy
And when the sun goes down I find my way

To a place where gypsies and angels fray
And in their follies I laugh and cry...

Rince Wind

My Heart Its Alibi...

She seems like a stranger
every time I see her in her eyes
but it's only in her looking away
that I know her
and my heart its alibi

Against notions and beyond sensations
I collect her broken smiles
but it's only in her dried tears
that I know her
and my heart its alibi

She is beautiful in poetries and songs
wrapped in words and rhymes
but it's only in my unfledged thoughts
that I know her
and my heart its alibi...

Rince Wind

Now You Are Gone...

Still that empty feeling
impossible to live without
were you always by my side
or was that a dream last night
but...
now you are gone
and I'll never know why...

Every moment I know you
are moments more of me
if ever, I am myself
you are somewhere around
but...
now you are gone
and I'll never know why...

If my love is wandering
There is some place it wants to be
unknown but almost felt
where there are no reasons to be
but...
now you are gone
and you'll never know why...

Rince Wind

On A Cloudy Misty Day...

on a cloudy misty day
a little girl with big bright petal flowers
on her sleeveless frock
asked me what love was

I looked at the clear blue skies
and held my head back
till the skin on my throat ached
and with eyes wide open I stared
containing my own tears
which were fighting to let off...

but then one rolled down my cheek
and she laughed
for she knew not what pain was
and in her innocence thought it was a game
people played when they wanted to shed a few drops...

on a cloudy misty day
a little girl with big bright petal flowers
on her sleeveless frock
asked me what love was...

Rince Wind

Only If I Could Write No More...

I collected thoughts even when the words weren't around
and to convince them to myself I had feelings
which never turned me down
then she came around and I filled her with figments
of the only self I've had known, and raised her statue in words
some borrowed and some owned...

but that was honest an ignorance which I'll owe myself and frown
for she was only herself, a lukewarm heart
drenched in a see-thru indifference for none to belong
aah..but the pretentious reality for which my silly words longed
and now, how I wish, I wish no more... to pen another thought
because for them, a fragile existence is not what I sought...

Rince Wind

Sorrow Of A Foolish Kind!

In the hope of giving new hope
to a despairingly hopeless self
everyday I soundlessly drop
an empty bowl, in an already empty bowl.
only to realize
that this sorrow is of a very foolish kind,
for it's been so long and
so much of unhappiness has been spent
but the pain hasn't lessened
nor has it sunk any deeper.

Rince Wind

Spare Hope...

In this bounty... I roam around
with a reckless whim...
that someday I will have a hope to spare
and a reality to dream...

Rince Wind

Strangers Met...

If not we,
am glad that the strangers in us did meet
to exchange prose and kisses,
some unwritten and some missed
like the sliver froth that an unseen wave brings with it
to wash on my feet
under the naked moon and the stars amidst...

Rince Wind

Summer Baked Clay...

thy thoughts, my soul
like summer baked clay, I hold
for cracks are many, but few visible
in this cockled mold
soaked in moist memories of stories untold...

Rince Wind

Unformed Pebble Dropped...

In the pond of drowning time
I am an unformed pebble dropped
by a fumbling hand creating ripples
which don't travel far or last long
for life in its own chaos remains still...

Rince Wind

Walk Over To Me...

Like a white flower found
on the bed of a deep blue sea
I lay awake as my body sleeps
lost in thoughts and in its own fascination
I see life, somewhere between glasses and dreams
but I can't figure out what is shattered and what
below the surface still gleams... so with closed eyes
I walk on those silent shrills... till someday you will
follow the red prints... and walk over to me...

Rince Wind

What I Really Crave For...

I do not desire for greatness
I rather wash-over unknown shores
where I don't know what I already do
as I walk again disturbing the calm
sands of knowledge and see again
the sun rising for the first time...

Rince Wind

Where Shadows Melt Into The Light...

cuts on her lips gave away
the story last night
and wounded dreams now bleed
in the broad day light
far somewhere a breathe still trembles inside
in the hope of those moist eyes
where shadows melt into the light
where shadows melt into the light...

Rince Wind

You...

On the paper-soap surface of my conscience
I lay your frowzled thoughts
like a dew transpiring in the early morning gloom
as I stare at the mirror unsaid words befall me of your presence
and in an oblivious truth
thy awayness fawns at my silence...

Rince Wind